"Twenty-five thousand dollars." "I'll take her, and will be down here at 12 o'clock to pay you the money." The captain regarded the affair as a roared, Mrs. Buzzard shricked and the Mr. Buzzard coming along the gangwith a buckskin sack in either he was glad that he had added coin, and then he went up on the roof down and rolled over. Buzzard was a and gave vent to his feelings by fetch- good swimmer, and he managed to get the Silver Spray, "bound for Buzzards- muddy water dripping from them, they My couch was on the hillside warm,

Silver Spray steamed away for the of the Brazos. Buzzard must the surprised citizens turned out and hearty welcome. They had a dance and mooniight excursion, and whisky flowed as freely as in an Irish shanty.

crew afterward concluded their captain of the Buzzards. Of course, everybody not so much of a fool after all. There was an object in the voyage. Buzzard induced the pilot and nearly all of the them with money, and warned them to ders. Later in the day they moved ev- the lucky Governor had found some old erything out of the little cabin on board Spanish documents which would enable with scarcely a man on board sober enough to stand on his feet. Strangely enough, they slipped through Munson's shoals, squeezed between the rocks at Hidalgo Falls, threaded the bars at the mouth of New Year's creek, and were uproariously drunk, fiddling and dancing, when there was an easy, grinding, almost noiseless stoppage of the boat. The big wheel was still pounding the muddy waters, but the boat slowly stopped, and the fiddler on the capstan It was nearly daylight, and the crew.

nearly exhausted with the debauch, fell down on the decks wherever they hapwas rising above the tree tops when Mr. Buzzard raised up on his elbow and said: "Well, I'll just be durned ef we ain't stuck in the middle of a cornfield!" It was true enough. The tasseling corn stood up thick around the guards of the boat, and nothing but corn could be seen for a mile or more in any direction. The river was falling very fast, and thirty-six hours afterward the Silcountry. Buzzard was in favor of drinking up all the whisky and making a boat. It was rather an unusual sight three or four weeks people came from every direction to see it. Buzzard purchased a pair of mules and a light wagon and made several trips back to followed the stream to this place of perhis old home on the Brazos.

A BIG DAY IN HOUSTON. Late in the fall Buzzard and his family again appeared in Houston. A circus and traveling menagerie had just his gold and his diamonds was forgotbeen stranded in the city, and the sheriff was selling off the show property un- name of Buzzard. It is a short story, der an execution. Buzzard was just but there is enough in it to make some about drunk enough to be fascinated by people look grave and ask: "Will wona thing of that sort, and he commenced band were full of enthusiasm and ev- tive State." erything else supplied by the average Houston, bar. The circus horses were hitched to the wagons and cages, and the royal elephant. Dressed like an about it." Arab Sheik, with turban and sword, followed by Mrs. Buzzard and the children, arranged in a manner that suggested painted Comanche squaws or wild Circassians, he mounted the big elephant. The circus people could hardly keep their faces straight, and everybody was roaring with laughter. The band struck up "Dixie" and the procession started through the streets. All Houston was at the windows or on the the moonlight muttering: "Bu-zard! Buhousetops watching and enjoying the zard! How much it sounds like Buzfun, for by this time everybody had zard!" heard of Buzzard. Down near Buffalo bayou the elephant stopped and began

AYER'S **BALDNESS**



REMOVES DANDRUFF

Restores Color

phant, or whether the spirit of deviltry originated with the conductor and was communicated to the elephant in some Certain it is that the elephant made straight for the bayou and in he plunged. It was in vain that Buzzard children squalled. The elephant marched straight into the deep water, and, filling his trunk full, turned it over his head and poured a flood into the hou-\$5,000 to the real value of the dah, nearly drowning the Buzzards. Ol a regular Comanche war-whoop, to the opposite shore with his wife and ning himself the owner of children. Seated on the bank, with the In gray-green glooms of summer rain; presented a picture to excite pity, but | Where Nature lulled me on her arm,

THE FAMILY DISAPPEARS. Now comes the strangest part of the story. The Buzzards remained seated on the banks of the bayou until the sun went down. They seemed to have real. So, love, I lie in peace to-day; ized that they had been furnishing amusement for the town, and the old | And not a sound disturbs my ear man developed a belligerent spirit that caused the people to do their laughing at a distance. Every time any one approached them he would flourish his I hear their whispers through my sleep. The voyage was continued up the sword and swear lie a pirate. The sun went down on his wrath, and it hid the Buzzards forever, so far as Texas was concerned. Houston never saw the Buzzards again. It was just as if you had put your hand in a bucket of water and withdrawn it. There was not one trace was soon satisfied with the theory that

> Time rolled on. The steamboat fell to pieces and furnished firewood and builda fishing expedition to a ling material for the Brazos bottom ne- As plantlets ope their lips in fullest trust groes. The old cabin on the banks of the river decayed, and few people remembered the Buzzards.

About a year ago an article floated around in Texas newspapers describing a rich find made in a cave by Governor Hogg and a party of his friends while on a fishing and hunting expedition the time there was a great deal of talk about the matter, and many people believed that there was something in it. It is true that hunters found a cave in Yet hard words rankle upon his tongue the Brazos hills two hundred or three hundred yards from Buzzard's old cabin. Your correspondent and several other persons visited the place soon afterward. The entrance to this cave, which had been closed by a rock, had been dislodged by recent rains. crawled inside on our hands and knees and found ourselves in quite a large room. There were marks of the chisel and hammer on the walls, and there was no question but that the former occupants had done considerable work

with edged tools to make the place more comfortable. There were several dressed rock and burnt brick on the floor, inold rusty knife blades and handles and pieces of heavy oak boards that had evidently formed the sides of a chest. There was nothing of any value even to an archaeologist. The old story of the Buzzards and their sudden display of such extraordinary wealth was revived. The walled well, the earthworks and the cave furnished plenty of food for theories is that the old Spaniards had ver Spray was standing high and al- a fort here in very early times. This most dry in old Colonel Chessher's corn- road was traveled by the people from field, five miles from the Brazos. The New Orleans and old Spain, going to the City of Mexico, as far back as the there before since the settlement of the very first years of the century. In the very earliest chronicles this well is mentioned, and the good crossing on the Braos is referred to. The old viceroys traveled this road, and long caravans of pack mules loaded with treasures have passed here. Old Buzzard must have. found a large sum of gold and the diato see a big stern-wheel steamboat out | monds and other costly jewels that he in the middle of a cornfield, and for displayed in this cave. There is no telling where the precious stuff came from or whom it belonged to. Lafitte's pistayed pretty close to the boat, but he rates often ran their vessels into the mouth of the Brazos. They may have fect safety in those times, and here con-

> Once more the story of Buzzard and ten, until just now there are a few people who smile every time they hear the

cealed rich treasures transported by red |

hands from the slippery decks of some

A few weeks ago the son of a retired on everything that was of- merchant of Houston, now a citizen of fered for sale. A big snake seventeen | the coast country, married a very beaufeet long was knocked down to him for tiful young lady in Paris, France. The \$500. Next he bid \$2,000 for a Bengal young man was making the tour of Eutiger, and got him. A big elephant Americans and then fell violently in brought \$5,000, and Buzzard became the love with the young lady, who was one owner. He bid on everything in such of the party, and who was celebrated a reckless manner that the sheriff and everywhere for her great beauty. The the show people were in an ecstacy of match appeared to be a very suitable delight. The judgment was soon satisfled, and the show people had more sur- sesses a sufficient amount of this world's plus money coming to them than their goods, and the young lady, who is an whole outfit originally cost. Buzzard orphan, inherits real estate and money paid for everything, and, being troubled enough to make her one of the wealthwith an irresistible desire to treat ev- lest heiresses in Virginia. The bridal erybody, he soon had the show people, pair arrived at home in Texas, where and every one else who would drink they received a warm welcome. The with him, as drunk as he was. A big beauty of the bride had not been exagcrowd was following the strange char- gerated, and the old merchant was tickcter from place to place, and the sa- led to death with his son's wife. It was Icons were reaping a rich harvest. at the supper table, on the very first evening, that the bride said: "I have show at night and a grand procession always wanted to come to Texas. I instantly. The members of the brass think I shall like Texas. It is my na-

"Indeed!" exclaimed the old Houston merchant: "where were you born?" "Oh, I don't know. Somewhere on the big elephant was brought out and the Brazos river, not far from Houston! saddled. Buzzard was suddenly seized "I remember," continued the young lawith doubt as to whether his proper dy, "of being in Houston one time. I place was on the back of the elephant and papa, and mamma, and brother or in the cage with the lions. The cir- went there to a show, and we all rode cus people, discovering that he was ap- on the elephant. It was jolly fun riding parently an inexhaustible mine of gold, away up on the big elephant in a little whisky and fun, were not disposed to house, but the elephant ran into the feed him to the lions yet awhile, and river and laid right down in the water, they persuaded him that the post of and we all like to have drowned. I was honor and danger was on the back of very small, and I don't remember much

The old merchant was staring at his daughter-in-law as if he had discovered something new in her face. "What," he gasped, "was your fa-

ther's name?" "Bu-zard," she replied, with strong accent on the second syllable. opened, he dropped his knife and fork, and, leaving the table, walked out into

Training Locomotives.

Philadelphia Record.

It may not be generally known that locomotives intended for express trains require
as much training, in their way, for fast
running as do race horses. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company builds its own engines, and those built for express trains
are known as Class P. They are very
large, and built with slight variations, after
the pattern of the big English engine imported into this country several years ago, and which at that time was a curiosity in its way. When one of these big engines is taken out of the shops to be placed on the road, instead of putting it to the work it is intended for at once, it is run for two or three weeks on some one of the local branches, in order to train it, so to speak, for faster running. By this means all the bearings and journals connected with the running gear become settled to their work, for should anything about the chine not work harmoniously, there is am-ple time to adjust the defect. Usually the new engine proves troublesome on account of its propensity to make fast time, and OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Weep not for me if you should go

some day with footsteps sad and slow Beside my grave. Remember, then, I loved not crowded walks of men, Nor rich abodes, nor rank, nor state, Nor counted any mortal great, Remember how the thing called life Perplexed me with its storm and strife. Where'er I went its sound would come To vex me with its gnat-like hum, Though with heroic heart, each day I strove to brush its wings away. In snow scenes glimpsed from window pane About a week after this affair a pilot | the spectators laughed until everybody | Where, from the swaying boughs above, She bent her down with touch of love To stroke my hair like mother mild, And murmur low, "My child, my child." Days were my friends and each one's face Life's busy wings drone far away, Save voices that I love to hear. Some words the sprouting grass has said The violets talk above my head,

-Juliet V. Strauss. Thou Art My Faith. Mother, with all my heart I trust in thee! Thy life of gentle speech and noble deed Doth prove to me the ignorance of creed And leaves unmasked its monstrous cruelty.

Thou art the single star that steadily Sends down its shaft of luster through And gives my dim-eyed reason certain light Where else is doubt and fear and mystery.

And freely drink from light and earth and

So hast thy soul disposed itself alway. Truth's ever been its food and ever must, And it hath grown in naught save what

I'll take it simple, crystal-and for aye! Terre Haute, Ind.

take no thought of my enemy-I leave him alone, I pass him by, And whistle along with averted eye,

A little unpleasant? Aye, that is true, To feel forever a man's disdain; But the sun will rise and set again, And the lark will sing, and the skies be blue And the river will not forget to flow Because of the hate in the heart of my foe Nor the rain refuse to rain. -James Newton Matthews.

A Fragment. Sing O, for an hour in the odorous bower Where the jessamine fragrance fell, A-brimming each flower, so a-drowse in the

Of the midsummer's magic spell: Sing O, for the boon of a sweet commune

Far away from the heartless throng, With you and the moon and the old time

And the nights when our love was long.

The Cost of Joy. The cost of joy is joy; for in the sea A brook no longer may an idler be; The ocean lifts her ships and bears them Our sweet old hillside troubadour is gone. The cost of joy is joy; June brings the rose; The rose of passion with her hot, red To-day costs yesterday in heart and brain--Martha Gilbert Dickinson, in the Inde-

Red Clover. Robin, atilt on the apple tree, Singing your love to the waking world, What is the sweetest thing you see From the quivering bows with the de impearled? Do you love the golden daisles best, Or the roses glowing with splendid fire?

What do you tell your mate in the nest Of the flowers that bloom in your heart's Robin, winging across the dell,
That the rippling wind goes swaying over,
As you dip and rise to the long sea-swell
Of the waves that pass o'er the blush-red

think you say to your mate in her nest, And she, I fancy, chirps back to you.

That the lowliest blooms you both love best,

While over your brood the sky is blue. -Harper's Bazar.

The Earth's Plaint. "I am old," said the Earth, "I am old, I am seared by the southern flame; am worn with the ways of men; Death reaps them down, like corn They are hid in my breast, and then, For they count the days and years; And they babble of loss and gain, And they drench me with their tears. Is there never an end of all? Can a great world never die, And rest like a mighty ball In the depth of the awful sky;

Or, some day feel, thro' sea and sod, New, quickening touch from the hand of -Ellen M. H. Gates. A Little Song. Once, out of all the anguish and sorrow of

wrote a song, and put my pent-up passion in its art. And the great world never heeded this soul-For it bore a burden infinitely heavy of its

Once, out of all the happiness and joy within my breast, made a little song and blithely sent it on And the great world, with its infinitely Still had room and instant welcome for this little song of mine!

-William Frederick Dix. in the Outlook. BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE.

The Beginning of the Estrangement

Between Them. Prof. Sloane, in the Century. It was on Oct. 16 that he arrived at his nouse on Victory street, in Paris. Mme. naparte was not there to give him a welcome. During the absence of her husband she had made her house the center of a brilliant society which numbered among its tated for three days, but finally made the members the ablest men of the time. This circle was untiring in its devotion to Benaparte's interests, making friends for him at home, plotting in his behalf abroad, turning every political incident to his advantage, and building up a strong party which believed that he was the only possible savior of France. In conduct the associates were gay and even dissolute; occasionally a select inner coterie withdrew to Plombieres, nominally for revose but probably bieres, nominally for repose, but probably for a seclusion not altogether innocent. Into this loyal but licentious company the sudden announcement of Bonaparte's approach brought something like consternation. Josephine, in particular, was over-anxious to display a feigned devotion to her husband. Learning of his approach, she went out some distance to meet him, but went out some distance to meet him, but took the wrong road, and passed him unawares. Herrying back she found the door of his chamber barred, her absence being, of course, a confirmation of the general's jealous suspicions. For hours her entreaties and tears were vain. At last Eugene and Hortense joined theirs with their mother's and the door was opened. The breach was apparently healed, but rather to avoid a scandal than from sincere forgiveness, and this scene was the beginning of estrangement. of its propensity to make fast time, and at almost every station the train is found to be a little ahead of schedule time and must wait for from ten seconds to a minute. No. 180, of Class P, was running yesterday on the Trenton accommodation train, but will soon be flying over the road from Broad-street station to New York and return at the rate, in many places, of

Florida Times-Union. Since it has been discovered that some workers in New York's sweat shops earn it cents per week, the employers are studying about autting off the 70 cents.

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN

TV: ID INIDIAN ALTO A SERVICIO BASE SUCCESTA LUCIO ASSESSMENTARE DE CONTRACTOR DE CONT

BICYCLE RELAY JOKE PLAYED BY A PARTY OF NEWSPAPER MEN.

the Ice Business-Long Distance Talks.

A huge Fourth of July joke was played by a party of newspaper men last Thursday morning before the dwellers in this city were done with their dreams of the firecracker horrors to come with the daylight. It was arranged that a relay race should be run from this city to Anderson, in which an attempt would be made to break some records. A message was to be carried from the office of the Sentinel to the Anderson Democrat. It was arranged that Annis Burke, the police reporter of the Sentinel, should have the first relay, leaving the city at 4 o'clock Thursday morning. The other riders were to take early starts, so as to be ready to receive the message. Some were to go to Pendleton on a train and be in waiting there. Promptly at 4 o'clock the start was made. Annis Burke received the following message, which he was to guard faithfully and deliver to the next rider:

"The Indianapolis Sentinel, on this, the anniversary of the independence of the United States, sends greeting to the editor of the Democrat by a means which most pronouncedly emphasizes the rapid advancement made by civilization during the past century. Into the hands of Annis Burke this message is personally given, as to him has fallen the honor of making the first relay. Alvin Royse, Fred Hamlin, Edward Bingham and Fred Evans will follow in turn. I hope that nothing will intervene to prevent this message reaching you."

Burke received the message with a great degree of satisfaction. He congratulated himself on the fact that he had the first part of the run.

"While the others are out on the road had calculated without knowing all that the others knew. Some of the riders were to start at 2 o'clock, so they stayed away from the office after that time, and at 3 wending its way out Massachusetts avenue, through Brightwood and east on the

Promptly at 4 o'clock Burke started on his ride that was to once more demonstrate the superiority of the bicycle as a means of communication in times of emergency. There was nothing on the road at that time to bother him and from the start here. There was nothing on the road at that time to bother him, and from the start he time to bother him, and from the start he made speed that would have won some of the races that were run later in the day. The perspiration began to come in small drops and finally it was simply running off in a stream, but his duty to the world was before him and he did not falter, although before him and he did not falter, although he vowed secretly that he would never do it again, if he made that trip and came out alive. The telegraph poles along the road whizzed by him as they apparently do when a person is riding on a railroad

miles of the distance when he was startled by a shot from a revolver, followed by a bombardment from a dozen or more Roman candles in the hands of what he supposed to be highwaymen or fiends. The next moment he was rolling in the dust, and when he recovered his breath sufficiently to speak he was being rubbed down in a most unmerciful manner with sticks, and began pouring its contents down his and bathed his feet without the formality of taking off more than the shoes. A bouquet of dog fennel and ironweed was presented to him and a big iron medal was pinned on his coat. By this time he began pinned on his coat. By this time he began to understand that it was all a joke and that no relay ride was intended. The other riders, accompanied by several other night workers, had preceded Burke, and after going as far as they cared to ride, had lain in wait for Burke, whom they soon saw coming down the road at the speed of a was mistaken when it thought it had the

Agriculture, hails from Terre Haute. But service. There are few persons who ever he is enough of a racing "fan" to sign his name at the Grand Hotel one day last week thus: "John M. Sankey, 2:01½." Everybody knows at once where that time was made

Now that Dr. Kirkwood, the eminent be able to recognize the voice of the Bosmathematician, who formerly held the chair | ton speaker, if known, are achievements of mathematics at the State University, is strictly to the credit of the end of the dead old students are recalling stories in nineteenth century and to America. This which he figured. "There was a fellow great achievement is due to the use of a named Tandy in one of Professor Kirk- double copper wire making a metallic cirwood's classes," said George Buskirk the cuit instead of an earth circuit, or ground, other day. "who had a habit whenever he would fall down in anything, either in his ball playing or in his conversation or his lessons, would give himself a knock on the head with his fist and would mutter to himself, 'Tandy, you're a damned fool.' I have heard him break out in this way when he was playing ball and was caught out on a foul fly. One day in the class he made a had break in answering a simple out on a foul fly. One day in the class he made a bad break in answering a simple question propounded by Professor Kirkwood, and, seeing his mistake, he thumped himself on the head and said in audible voice, 'Tandy, you're a damned fool.' The boys grinned and then awaited an outburst of rebuke from the Professor. We all supposed Tandy would be fired out bodily and expelled from school. But Professor Kirkwood's eyes twinkled as he remarked, 'Mr. Tandy, you can't get any argument out of me on that proposition.'

Then the class roared and nothing was Then the class roared and nothing was

satisfying quantities. He is taking the probably 1,200 miles. The furthest point cases for the Berrett law bondholders, who East and the West there are four lines find that property owners have lapsed in the payment of the interest, which immediately makes the whole debt due. It is said that there are from 5,000 to 7,000 of add as much as six hundred miles to the such claims in Mr. Perrott's hands ranging from 75 cents to \$2.25, and that the fee for settlement is not less than \$5. Most of the cases are settled out of court.

add as much as six hundred miles to the distance. But electricity makes no complaint. One may talk to Portland, Me., through Chicago as well as through the more direct line.

Dr. Moss, a man of great eloquence and that the effect is that every user of the rare mental attainments, who was president of the State University at Bloomington up to 1884, and who left suddenly, is now a prominent Baptist minister in Philadelphia. Dr. Swain, the present president of the university, recently met him there on the street and had a pleasant conversation with him, during which the latter asked about his old friends in Indiana.

The misfortunes of a man who had packed ice beyond his financial ability to handle it led Sterling R. Holt to enter the ice business, in which line he is now the magnate of Indiana. Mr. Holt was then running a drug store on West Washington street, and, while he was prospering in a small way. had a very small amount of capital. He was importuned by the owner of the ice to take it at 50 cents on the dollar. The men who wanted their money were anxious that bargain. But he hardly knew what to do with the ice when he had bought it. He invested in a second-hand spring wagon at \$11 and an old horse at \$44, and hired a man to deliver his ice. One of his first customers was the Grand Hotel. It happened to be a hot season, and he found that he was doing very well with the new business, though he had men in competition with him who had long been in the business, and who are still active in it in this city. and who are still active in it in this city.

They tried to "freeze" him out, but Mr.

Holt had freezing material of his own. He Holt had freezing material of his own. He got ready to pack ice the next winter, and in another season put on three more teams. From that time on his rise in business was rapid, and now he controls the trade in five of the principal cities of the State. His latest venture into new territory was in South Bend, where one firm had had control of the ice trade for a great many years and was not giving the people satisfaction. It is related that when customers complained of bad service the manager would punish the complainant by failing to deliver ice at all for three or four days. So liver ice at all for three or four days. So bitter had the people become that even the newspapers asked their readers to leave orders for ice from the new company at

When the Holt company started in there last spring it was to win the local trade at whatever cost. The finest teams that could be bought were secured for the finest

Bumblepuppy? Bum-ble-pup-py!

Bumplepuppy is the name given to a player who thinks he plays whist, or to the game itself that he thinks he is playing.

"Bumblepuppy" is not confined to whist. It has broken into the Cigar trade and into Cigar advertising. Bumptious persons are trying to bumblepuppy the trade by swaggering assertions that other brands of Cigars are "just as good as"

CUBANOLA

It's no such thing. Cubanola has maintained its supremacy for six years, and its reputation to-day is better than ever as the

Best 5-Cent Cigar in Indiana

Ask your dealer for it, and don't allow any bumblepuppy assertion to induce you to take any other.

······

A. Kiefer Drug Co.

Sole Distributors for Cubanola

Indianapolis

opened with a parade through the streets, so that all could see that a company that of the year. I believe in people money," continued Mr. Holt, "and I want to make some myself, but I said to the other folks: 'If I don't make any I will. see that you don't. All that I ask is fair and decent treatment, and we can both do An idea of the welcome the new company

received may be gained from the remark of the Studebakers that the service from the had to erect their own ice houses and store the ice that they need. Mr. Holt employs about 330 persons during the year. He has immense store houses along the shores of Maxinkuckee, and evgo to them and take all the ice they need for their domestic use. He is as well

city. He last week gave the order for the construction of another big ice house there. Some of the men have worked for him for ten or twelve years, and the faithfulness of by the present of stock in the ice company which is nominally worth \$5,000, and is said

world by the throat, and that the people President Sankey, of the State Board of could not protest against the style of in tones of ordinary conversation and to

ever more heard from the Professor on the subject."

Sam Perrott is collecting fees in very reached as far west as ferre haute in the Ohio valley and Chicago on the lake chain. The furthest eastern point that one may talk over the telephone is Waterville, Me.,

wire takes a lease on it for the time occu-pied, and practically has a private wire to the point desired. Nobody can cut in on him until he has finished. This serves to make more wires necessary, and consequently calls for a larger investment and higher rates of tariff for the use of the higher rates of tariff for the use of the convenience. The rate is a cent a mile on the nearest railroad route. This makes the rate to New York city in the day time \$8, and half that at night. The cost, however, does not stand in the way. Americans have a supreme contempt for cost when convenience is the reward, and there are few things that they will not sacrifice for convenience, even things that cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. The demand for the long-distance telephone is increasing. Manager Calhoun, of the Indianapolis station, says, and the receipts of every month show up larger than the month before. The telephone has even saved business men trips to the East which would cost four or five times the telephone talk in railroad fares. It has only been a year and a half since the company opened its Indianapolis station, but now the time is short indeed when the line is not in use. The weather does not affect the use of the wires unless there be a sleet storm. A note-The weather does not affect the use of the wires unless there be a sleet storm. A noteworthy fact in connection with the extension of the use of the long-distance telephone is that its wires lie almost wholly north of Mason and Dixon's line. The point furthest south that is reached by the copper wires is Washington, which is, of course, the seat of all political life in the country and takes on its importance from this cause rather than from any commercial standing. It will probably be a long time before the metallic circuit strikes toward the South. The direction is still toward the West, with St. Louis and Kansas City as the destination for the present.

She Took Vanilla In Hers. Minneapolis Journal.

Minneapolis Journal.

"I was coming down town the other day about noon," the man on the grip car was saying to a reporter, "and a party of girls from the high or one of the public schools was just ahead of me. They started to cross the street just as a wagon came along at a rapid rate. The wagon brushed the girl in front and she fell to the ground. I think she fainted from sheer fright. Of course, several of us who saw the occurrence ran over, picked her up and carried her into a drug store that was right at hand. As she seemed to be unconscious, one of us said, in lack of knowing what to lo, 'I think we ought to give her something.' The girl sort of half opened her eyes and said, sleepily, 'I'll take vanilla, please.' Well, you bet she got her vanilla, and a few minutes later she was walking

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For further information and catalogue address: Culver Military Academy, Marmont, Ind.

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